

W O M A N  
I N <sup>66</sup>  
M I N I A T U R E.  
A  
S A T I R E.

---

———Ob! why did God,  
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last  
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect  
Of Nature? And not fill the World at once  
With Men, as Angels, without Femenine,  
Or find some other Way to generate  
Mankind?———

MILTON.

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By a STUDENT of OXFORD.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. HUGGONSON in Sword-and-Buckler-Court,  
over-against the Crown Tavern on Ludgate-hill. 1742.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

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MILTON

BY A STUDENT OF OXFORD.

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Printed by J. Huggins in the Strand  
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17s. 6d.



# W O M A N I N Miniature.



ETCH! fetch the paper! in my rage I said,  
All woman-kind come rushing in my head;  
To my idea I behold them stand  
Black'ning like storms, and stretching o'er the land.  
Do thou, uxorious God, propitious smile,  
O cuckold deity of *Lemnos*' isle!  
Or thou, great *Jove*, whose thwew disturbs the skies,  
With thunder from her tongue, and light'ning from her  
In vain, philosophy the cause unfolds, <sup>(eyes;</sup>  
When 'tis not *Jove* that speaks, but *Juno* scolds.



R——A,\* object of my wish! excuse  
 Th' unplicens'd fury of the forward muse ;  
 Nor grieve at heart to see your sex's crimes  
 Glare in the tenor of my sportive rhimes ;  
 Yet if R——A, in her sex's right,  
 Banish the unhappy censor from her sight ;  
 At her displeasure, if his fame be bought,  
 Recanting, he shall praise your ev'ry fault.

Yet know, my fair, to whom the theme I ow'd,  
 Satire is but the shadow of a rod ;  
 Parents are strict, whose children ill behave,  
 'Tis duty all, because they love, they save :  
 'Tis not that I against your sex rebel,  
 Ah ! 'tis my crime to love that sex too well :  
 Bid then my soul beyond its bounds aspire,  
 And as the lover's fan, the poet's fire :  
 If the kind fates one laurel wreath allow,  
 That laurel wreath shall grace R——A's brow.

In what retirement shall the poet skreen,  
 If wrath, uncomely, flash on beauty's mien?  
 If to the utmost world he take his flight,  
 To where in ocean sinks the source of light?

Or  
 \* Miss R—— B——, a celebrated *Lilliputian* Beauty, living not  
 three Miles from the back Gate of St. J——n's Grove.



Or thither, where the face of earth below  
 Still lies conceal'd beneath a mask of snow !  
 Beauty would hunt the wretch from coast to coast,  
 Like the fleet skimmings of an injur'd ghost :  
 What tho' he speeds to deserts in distress,  
 Her eagle's eye can pierce the dark recess ;  
 And, tho' the sun absconds, her brighter ray  
 Shall turn the visionary gloom to day.

Oh ! cou'd I make POPE's sweetly-flowing voice,  
 My great example, as it is my choice ;  
 With all the nicer arts of healing crown'd,  
 Who hurts no patient, while he cures the wound ;  
 But as the virtue of mankind declines,  
 Restores it with the physick of his lines ;  
 Who sees defects no vulgar eye can see,  
 The pleasure of correcting, all his fee ;  
 Yet there are vices we quack-poets sure  
 Can cure by writing, or pretend to cure.

For who can bear ZELINDA ? blust'ring maid,  
 In all the pomp of tick'd brocade array'd :  
 O torture to my soul ! the dame I saw,  
 Without a peacock, and without a daw.

Oft I have seen her stalk distinctly gay,  
 And shine conspicuous in the blaze of day;  
 Of anger scarce retentive, seen her sit,  
 In borrow'd rays, the glow-worm of the pit.  
 Seen her at toilette (horror to my sight!)  
 Affect the curt'sy, or the smile polite.  
 With stroaking hand reclaim the ductile curl,  
 Now point the signet, now the fan unfurl;  
 Beside her elbow stood her oil and powder,  
 Alas! 'tis more than grand-mamma allow'd her;  
 The specious lead-comb, colour-giving box,  
 The crisping iron, and the mimic locks:  
 Freshest vermilion to embalm the lip,  
 And last, the private bottle for a sip.  
 Bright trembling gems, like stars, illumine the sphere,  
 And chrystall pendants drop at either ear.

That swine had pearls, ZELINDA, we allow  
 Was once a fable, but no fable now.

Behold a second, to the first ally'd,  
 Alike in insolence, alike in pride:  
 GALANTHE, of herself the smallest part,  
 While nature stifles, over-charg'd with art:

Whose

Whose cheeks, with never-fading rose o'ercast,  
 Which *Summer* cannot scorch, or *Winter* blasts  
 Like lime-pale walls eternal wainfoot boast,  
 Eclips'd in patches, and in colours lost.  
 Attend how well she wounds with distant charms;  
 Tempts ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom warms;  
 Yet she (hard fate!) no seraph seems when near,  
 Then the forc'd graces faint, and disappear:  
 Each imperfection glares in open light,  
 And what first ravish'd, now offends the sight.

No mighty ills from simple beauty spring,  
 A painted woman is a dang'rous thing;  
 Yet we must view that woman's art with awe,  
 A living picture, what **HOGARTH** cou'd draw!

Reverse to these th' invidious muse descries,  
 In sloven pomp, a greasy charmer rise;  
 Whose smock so horribly besmear'd with dirt,  
 Had poison'd **HERCULES** like **Nessus'** shirt;  
 Whose trussil's, like **MEDUSA's**, all must own,  
 Might harden the beholders into stone:  
 See with affected air her lazy arm  
 Applies the lov'd, the titulating charm!

Declare



Declare what grates, yet unknown, are those  
 Conceal'd from mortals in the filth of nose?  
 Go see her chamber, where her rubbish lie,  
 Plac'd in irregular oeconomy;  
 Here chairs and tables in confusion hurl'd,  
 And there of china an inverted world:  
 Here lie the prophets, there a billet-deau,  
 A close-stool here, and there a gilt bureau.  
 Hear me, COSMELIA, thou mistaken fair,  
 Whose care is not to be fatigu'd with care;  
 I ask one blessing (let the Gods bestow it)  
 Fair sloven! may thy husband be a poet.

See, PORTIA laughs; d'ye think the damsel mad?  
 'Tis but to shew those rows of teeth, egad!  
 PORTIA, the whiteness of your teeth you boast,  
 But, tell me, PORTIA, what those teeth might cost?

CÆLIA's are white and sound—the Gods forbid;  
 Her teeth be iv'ry—but the maid may quid.

Methinks I ken a buxom miss come on,  
 Late from the boarding-school elop'd with JOHN;  
 To curb whose Neck the backboard's aid conspires,  
 As puppets owe their majesty to wires.

The tiny warrior, like JULUS, flew  
One hero, with the first keen dart she threw.

But who is this that bounds, and leaps along,  
Her eyes so sparkling, and her limbs so strong?  
Plump in her visage, full of blood and marrow,  
Soft as a dove, and yielding as a sparrow!  
Who, like a frontless squire, elated stares  
With spruce bob-wig descending down her ears;  
'Tis CLIO, who, uncharg'd with cumb'rous weight,  
High over-bounding leaps a five-barr'd gate;  
Who, at the summons of the crimson dawn,  
Neglects her tea, and headlong sweeps the lawn;  
Love flies her breast, equestrian sports inflame,  
And captivate the gambol-loving dame.

Declare, O heav'nly muse! how first began  
The doubtless woman to encroach on man?  
(As pug, when civiliz'd some years ago,  
Flutter'd at court a monkey, or a beau;)   
How impudence stood bare, without disguise,  
Severe with front of dog, and partridge eyes:  
So fashion will'd, the female's haughty guide,  
Who owes their being only to her pride;

First made by GALLIA's levity divine,  
 And *England* next fell prostrate at her shrine ;  
 Man's image, woman, wantonly she decks,  
 Then fop's the image of the weaker sex :  
 Still she assumes a thousand forms to please,  
 So kind is she, and yet so fickle these ;  
 Which forms in vain the blasts of time invade,  
 The old reblossom, as the new ones fade.

Say next, for nought escapes thee here on earth,  
 How first th' exulting romp receiv'd her birth ?  
 E'er *Moorfield*-walls the doleful lodge became  
 Of swain rejected by th' ungen'rous dame,  
 Poor, and alone, a madman us'd to stray,  
 Mouthing self-pleasing jargon on the way ;  
 Rivers of spittle ran incessant o'er  
 His length of beard ; now wisdom's type no more ;  
 Grass, leaves and flow'rs of various hues adorn  
 His waving rags, infix'd with pins of thorn :  
 From earth's ripe womb the bearded food he draws,  
 And plaits in golden crowns the pliant straws :  
 No thunders check'd his course, nor warm retreat  
 From storms he sought, or spreading shades from heat.

While



While thus the maniac hero strides along  
 Roaring, with self-applause, imperfect song,  
 A wanton gipsy with surprise he saw  
 Beneath the covert of a bush withdraw;  
 There she prepar'd, with necessary haste,  
 Skinn'd dogs, and roasted cats, a rich repast!  
 The maid, as side-long her gay eye she turns,  
 Him sees, and seeing loves, and loving burns;  
 Smit with his brawny strength, she pants to prove  
 Th' unweildy heaviness of tardy love;  
 Sudden th' enraptur'd miscreant pricks his ears,  
 Jabbers coin'd words, and, like a Gorgon, stares:  
 Scorch'd tho' she was, he felt the raging flame,  
 As PERSEUS lov'd an *Æthiopian* dame:  
 Thus soon he learn'd the rudiments of love,  
 By beauty mov'd; whom cannot beauty move?  
 Oft wou'd he grin, as if he lov'd the maid,  
 And his straw-crown upon her lap he laid;  
 Then first his breast 'gan feel unusual fires,  
 Quick pulses, melting thoughts, and fierce desires.  
 Him the enamour'd paramour convey'd  
 To the recesses of a silent shade,

Where, eager of disport, entranc'd they lie  
 On beds, impervious e'en to PHOEBUS' eye:  
 The loves came thronging round the flagrant bow'r,  
 And conscious wood-nymphs hail'd the auspicious hour.

Hence sprung the romp, in whom at once conspire  
 The wanton mother, and the frantick fire;  
 MARS gave her spirit, JUNO pow'r and wealth,  
 MINERVA wit, and ÆSCULAPIUS health:  
 DIANA fits her for the sylvan chace,  
 VENUS gave beauty, and to use it—grace.

Women are like most Goddeffes of old;  
 JUNO was jealous, haughty, and a scold;  
 Martial BELLONA furious in attack,  
 And VENUS often fell upon her back:  
 HEBE, by Heav'ns! wou'd drink out both her eyes,  
 And PALLAS was the witling of the skies:  
 Then each, 'tis said, enjoy'd her coach and pair,  
 And rattled through the welkin with an air.

Hence gentle fancy beckons me away,  
 And FLORA's faults she prompts me to display;  
 I know the dame;—and must I therefore hide?  
 No, let me lay all prejudice aside;

She

She does not paint ; — of paint she scarce has need ;  
 She does not ripple ; — No, not she, indeed !  
 She's strictly honest in her husband's eyes,  
 And then a very faint without disguise ;  
 If chance she fails, her crimes are venial crimes,  
 She studies LOCKE, and, better still, she rhimes :  
 Pleasant to hear the opiniated dunce  
 Blunder out all philosophy at once ;  
 Whate'er she knows, communicates abroad,  
 Of Language, Country, Manners, Men, and God ;  
 Or superficial arguments advance  
 On politicks, or lovers in romance ;  
 Or bursting bulls in volleys from her mouth,  
 Quote ATALANTIS, when we talk of South :  
 Then she will rhyme, good Gods ! how she will rhyme !  
 The sense not obvious, but how smooth the chime !  
 O ! in what melting accents flows the song,  
 While the glib words come rolling all along ;  
 Whose thoughts in beautiful confusion please,  
 And all is harmony, and all is ease.

But JULIA holds it for a certain rule,  
 That too much reading constitutes a fool ;



Better t' endure th' eclipses of the mind,  
 Than search for wisdom, which we dread to find :  
 This something still transcends our utmost aim,  
 Like treasures sought for in the chymist's flame ;  
 Wisdom, she thinks (and what she thinks is right,)  
 Points human frailties in too strong a light :  
 To this alone what scenes of ill we owe,  
 Since what we suffer springs from what we know ?  
 Folly conceals that prospect from our eyes,  
 And where's the mighty wisdom to be wise ?  
 Hence ignorance, the mind's securest guard,  
 Like antient virtue, proves its own reward.

SEMPRONIA, e'er she marries, lays her plan,  
 Fathoms the depth, and tries th' extent of man ;  
 Explores the ruling passion in his breast,  
 And brings his truth and virtue to the test :  
 Whether he keeps his secret, or his word,  
 A cred'lous fool, or an imperious lord ;  
 A prodigal or miser, vain or grave,  
 Openly honest, or, at heart, a knave ;  
 Brave, or a coward, affable, or not,  
 Tame, or outrageous, sober, or a sot ;

If punctual when his honour is at stake,  
 A constant lover, or a wand'ring rake;  
 Modest of talents, or too prone to teach,  
 Tory or Whig, or mod'rate in each:

These she explores; and who but must allow  
 Her prudence great? SEMPRONIA what art thou!

Most women split on self-love's rocky shelves,  
 And, prying others, overlook themselves.

IRIS her thoughts on grandeur seems to fix,  
 Her *summum bonum* is a coach and fix.

Ladies to Church, as boys to Plays, repair,  
 Not to be taught, but see the gay things there;  
 The fan to flutter o'er the shady mien,  
 And dart the watchful ogle right between;  
 To stop devotion with indecent rules,  
 And sanctuaries turn to dancing-schools,

Good-will, good-nature, SAPPHO, is thy lot,  
 Sense, wit, wealth, beauty, impudence, what not?  
 Blest with each art the soul of man to warm,  
 Each whim a grace, and each defect a charm:  
 In thee how inconsistencies agree;  
 Impertinence, how pertinent in thee!

Though

Though blest with wisdom, and each prudent part,  
 Yet SAPPHO is an Atheist at her heart :  
 Shall we renounce our faith for beauty's sake ?  
 Can God exist ? or can the fair mistake ?

Enthusiast LYCE lifts her thoughts to Heav'n,  
 Forgives the world, and hopes to be forgiv'n ;  
 Unites with WHITFIELD's chorus in the psalms,  
 Prays oft, drinks seldom, and gives frequent alms ;  
 Yet all have failures, in religion's spite,  
 LYCE was caught in *Paradise* last night ;  
 Couch'd low in corner I beheld the fair  
 Plac'd easy in a dying, dying air ;  
 Her faint, who wander'd from that charm to this,  
 Now prais'd religion, and now reach'd a kiss :  
 Yet honour, guardian of the sex was by,  
 To watch her province with peculiar eye ;  
 Full in her sight her head the Goddess shook,  
 And on the sinner cast a Cynick look ;  
 Sister of prudence, pure as vestal fire,  
 As new-born-babes untainted with desire ;  
 A train of Sylphs her careless steps attend,  
 Prompt as their queen, the modest to befriend ;



Of such a curious size, and glossy mien,  
 As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen ;  
 Part of the Sylphs her snowy skirts possess,  
 And part the oval honours of her breast ;  
 Bewilder'd in her tendrils part remain,  
 And joy to wear so elegant a chain ;  
 Some urg'd with grief, and tutelary care,  
 Lodge in the velvet cloister—Lord knows where :  
 Thick as when insects, on a sun-shine day,  
 O'er the smooth pond their tinsel wings display ;  
 While thus the queen, with inward passions sway'd,  
 In gentle whispers chides th' unwary maid ;  
 And still is LYCE to my laws untrue ?  
 Still fought in vain among the virtuous few ?  
 Scarce can that wretch deserve a ten years strife,  
 Who, if she rise in beauty, sinks in life ;  
 Who, ev'ry hour, from honour's path declines,  
 Misled by ev'ry will-a-wisp that shines.  
 Smooth, easy, sweet, and down-hill is the road  
 That tends to vice's populous abode ;  
 But, to return needs more than HERMES' charm,  
 ULISSES' cunning, with ACHILLES' arm.

Vice is a pleasing, artful, winning thing,  
 But rooted in its honey lies its sting;  
 Habitual grown, no magick can remove,  
 And though it injure still, yet still we love;  
 Unless the rules of reason interpose,  
 It grows familiar as the grasp of beaus;  
 Yet, ah! how vice can virtue's likeness ape?  
 (Like CUPID tempting in JULIUS' shape!)  
 E'en modesty, too studious to entice,  
 Is but a counterfited foe to vice;  
 Thro' chaste pretensions ever works her ends,  
 And most plays booty, when she most pretends:  
 Whose JANUS face allures th' unthinking prey,  
 Whose eyes, with fatal purity, betray;  
 Hence the soft languish of the melting eye,  
 How sweetly turn'd! how innocently fly!  
 The neck reclin'd, nice lip, dissembled fright,  
 Coyness that woos, and frowns that but invite;  
 The maudlin blandishment, the mincing smile,  
 Affected sighs, and melancholy guile:  
 The meaning motion, and the word by chance,  
 The well-tim'd-with, and charitable glance;

These

These, nymph, are yours ; but these the good and wise,  
 These the R——A's of our isle despise ;  
 That matchless maid a rare example gives,  
 Live as thou should'st, by thinking how she lives ;  
 Brisk, and yet decent, chearful, yet sedate ;  
 Rich without pride, and witty without prate :  
 So fair, like Angels, and yet so devout,  
 As much within an Angel, as without.  
 If, inadvertent, thou art drawn aside,  
 Fancy thy kinswoman, and youth thy guide ;  
 Redeem thy time with blemishes o'ercast,  
 Improve the present, and repent the past :  
 Let midnight balls some weaker minds employ,  
 Shun singular the dear attractive joy :  
 Shun fashionable ills, forbear excess  
 In diet, and extravagance in dress ;  
 On cuts lascivious 'twere a crime to doat,  
 Or gild leud OVID in a myflick coat.

Thus spoke the nymph ; but LYCE cou'd not hear,  
 Strong was his onset, whom she lov'd so dear ;  
 Mean while the saint percieves the dumb reply  
 Break gently from the maid's responsive eye ;



Now press'd her lips, now wander'd o'er her eyes,  
 And, in a storm of love, enraptur'd seiz'd the prize :  
 LYCE, th' unusual extasy was such,  
 Pants in his arms, and melts at ev'ry touch ;  
 As when the bull comes forth with haughty step,  
 His mate stands quiet, and expects the leap.

He full of wiles, she forward to believe :  
 Thus charm'd the serpent, thus relented EVE :  
 All nature felt the shock——

PHRYNE, I scarce believe it, but am told,  
 Abroad is gentle, and, at home, a scold ;  
 Neighbours have seen her with a broomstick mawl  
 Her children, maids, and eke her spouse withal ;  
 Have heard her rave in SYBIL's rage at home,  
 Roar out with mouth rotund, and bellow thro' the dome ;  
 Her eyes dart fi'ry, and her muscles swell ;  
 CHLOE comes to visit her, and all is well :  
 And yet what caus'd this phrenzy can you dream ?  
 The cat had paddled in her morning cream.

O wine ! still welcome to the clammy mouth,  
 At once the cause, and remedy of drought ;

Sure

Sure thou hast charms to drive old age away,  
 Else why should CHLOE drink three quarts a-day?  
 CHLOE, believe me, (for be plain I must)  
 Those cups will ne'er preserve thee from the dust;  
 Diseases dire attend their frequent use,  
 And death lies lurking in th'unwholsome juice:  
 Immod'rate draughts those active nerves unbrace,  
 And the smooth front grows arable apace:  
 Then shall thy gorrell'd paunch its food deny,  
 Thou sow of EPICURE's, or CIRCE's sty;  
 Or, Heav'n avert the terrible disgrace!  
 Unnumber'd pimples purple o'er thy face.  
 Go, see the farmer's daughter, plump and sleek,  
 Luxuriant health fresh riots in her cheek;  
 No cordial draught she needs; the buxom lass  
 Perhaps enjoys one solitary glass,  
 Not half her morning's o'er the tea-cups spent,  
 She tipples acid tiff, and is content:  
 (Contentment bounds the soul's ambitious aim,  
 And make small bear and nectar just the same;  
 This makes the stroke of chance an easy stroke,  
 Makes wealth no pain, and poverty no yoke;)

No foreign poisons taint her homely bowl,  
 Whose jorums nor depress, nor raise the soul ;  
 A hardy virgin, and no languid wife,  
 Not with'ring in the blossom of her life ;  
 Her look, though chaste, is chearful all the while,  
 Like her old-beer for ever on the smile :  
 Thus mellow to the port of life she steers,  
 Blooms in decay, and gathers strength in years.

Hail temperance ! thou guardian of mankind !  
 Thou gelly to the body, and the mind ;  
 Thou fairest queen of virtue's favourite train !  
 That clear'st the muddy channels of the brain ;  
 Thou foe to phlegm ; that leav'st the structure sound,  
 And spread'st, unseen, diffusive health around.  
 Thy brighter aspect melancholy dreads,  
 And the spleen sickens as its hundred heads ;  
 'Tis thou the pow'r of killing canst bestow  
 To eyes that sparkle, and to cheeks that glow ;  
 E'en I applaud thee, whose productive ray  
 Calls dormant fancy from her cell to-day ;  
 Aided by thee th' unpamper'd student sees  
 The bud of science op'ning by degrees ;

While



While the glad summons of thy genial pow'r  
 Spreads the bud wide, productive of a flow'r;  
 Whose spicy top perfumes the blest abodes,  
 And blossoms in the window of the Gods.

NISUS lov'd DAPHNE from his heart; a youth  
 Possess'd of talents, and secur'd by truth;  
 The dame was kind, O how extremely kind!  
 Till STREPHON made attempt, and chang'd her mind;  
 While she the passion of the swain approves,  
 Sir FOPLING shone in majesty of gloves;  
 But LYCUS came, endow'd with charms of face,  
 He came—and turn'd Sir FOPLING out of place.  
 How short his triumph! for she sees approach  
 The tribe of grandeur round AMYNIA's coach;  
 The youth succeeds, condemn the maid, who can?  
 The youth possess'd five thousand pounds *per ann.*

Tell me, enchanting THISBE, tell me why  
 Heaves that white breast, and rolls that dying eye?  
 Why dost thou languish when the beaux advance?  
 Blush in the box, and tremble in the dance?  
 say, when my L——d salutes thee, dawb'd in lace,  
 Why dost thou pant, and die in his embrace?

And

And pry thee, when his L——dship turns his back,  
 Why dost thou look so lovingly on JACK?  
 Coquette egregious! whose endearing smile  
 So sweet, yet so dissembled all the while;  
 Extends not to a part; but, unconfin'd,  
 Shines, like the sun, alike on all mankind;  
 Believe this truth (nor like the *Phrygian* state,  
 Too soon be foolish, and be wise too late)  
 Some first for fortunes, then for saints have pass'd,  
 Turn'd beauties next, and prov'd old maids at last.

TULLIA is proud, and proud she well might be,  
 To find her sister more deform'd than she;  
 Whom, in return, her sister plagues to death;  
 (Ye pow'rs! how odious is a stinking breath!)  
 The other's grievance each by fits betrays,  
 Though both have rotten teeth, and iron stays.  
 Why wilt thou, CORYDON, deny the fair,  
 In dissabie, to breath the morning air?  
 Or why address her with suspicious leer,  
 How came that colour on your cheeks, my dear?

A thousand notions OPPIA's thoughts suggest,  
 The latest mode is consequently best;

All fashionable toys her mind employ;  
 Herself the most unfashionable toy;  
 Behold the difference of a woman's taste,  
 This seems so niggard, that delights in waste;  
 Let a dear Surgeon feed politer Souls,  
 Miss dines contented on a feast of coals.

Talk, Poets, of love's Empire what you will,  
 Ambition dignifies the female still;  
 Spreads thro' the whole society, as well  
 The passion of the milk-maid as the belle;  
 Here gives diversity of modes to please,  
 There adds peculiar flavour to a cheese;  
 Here doom'd to death sinks many a gallant man,  
 Slain by the dext'rous poignance of a fan:  
 Hence HELEN's conquer with destructive charms,  
 Hence CLEOPATRA's set the world in arms:  
 She pyrates hence the subject seas command,  
 And dutchesses burn cities down by land.  
 Hence sev'ral oddities the sex regards,  
 Hence morning suppers, and a lust of cards.  
 Inspir'd by this, their conquests they pursue,  
 And all mankind, except themselves, subdue.



In stride theatrical sweep herbes down,  
 Victorious with the whirlwind of a gown;  
 August in gilt landéau they spread the war,  
 And triumph like a Cæsar in his car.

Ambition in th' affected-lisp is seen,  
 Augments the blush, and justifies the spleen;  
 'Tis this alone that gives the fair a plea  
 To languish at the freedoms of a — sea.

LYNX, on the crumbling margin of threescore,  
 Regards decorums! what can woman more?  
 The dame has wealth; communicates a part,  
 And has, poor creature! ENNIUS' rule at heart;  
 That she, whose kindness humanly bestow'd  
 Supports a needy traveller on his road,  
 Enlights another's taper by her own;  
 Which lending never loses by the loan.  
 Acquit the sinner of each former crime;  
 What though repentance be the child of time?

MAGDALEN owns her early life ill spent,  
 And is resolv'd — at forty — to repent;  
 Who can but pity so severe a doom?  
 Three bastards lisp, Mamma, about the room.

Oh heav'n's! my former innocence restore,  
 Fix'd as I am to club with man no more :  
 (In vain, with innate fury yet she burns,  
 As nature oft repell'd, as oft returns :)  
 GRIMALKIN so grew courteous, and refin'd,  
 But the first Mouse that issu'd turn'd her mind :  
 Once more the Dame must taste the cup of joy,  
 And the fourth bastard is a roaring boy :  
 Some from a commerce with the men refrain,  
 As if their charms were giv'n to charm in vain ;  
 Squeeze but their hand, and never be forgiv'n,  
 Steal but a kiss, 'tis stealing fire from heav'n.

Ask you what's beauty ? beauty whose dominion  
 Extends thus far ;——the creature of opinion :  
 Why then is beauty's epithet divine ?  
 Born at fifteen, it dies at twenty-nine :  
 Of short duration ! mark how vast it's sway ;  
 A slave for years, a tyrant for a day.  
 Beauty in rags is but a sov'reign curse ;  
 Wouldst thou be fair ?——put money in thy purse :  
 'Tis this alone the conscious bosom warms ;  
 One thousand pounds outweigh ten thousand charms.

Hence turn thine eye; behold a meagre queen,  
 That, mix'd in ev'ry synod, rules unseen!  
 Guides ev'ry tongue, in ev'ry bosom glows,  
 As breathing nectar from the tea-pot flows;  
 Now seek proud domes, and now vouchsafe to dwell  
 In some dark corner of the lowly cell.

SLANDER! the child of ENVY and of STRIFE,  
 Nurs'd by the lover's of a lazy life;  
 Whose brazen tongue moves quick at ev'ry breeze,  
 Like restless clappers hung on fruitful trees;  
 A pois'nous vase beneath her tongue remains,  
 And one small dash your snowy conduct stains;  
 The certain whiteness of your former days  
 Contributes now but little to your praise:  
 See SLANDER mow down REASON on her way,  
 Like the wide sweeping force of arbitrary sway;  
 See rev'rend fathers in her senate rise,  
 Applaud her wit, and sanctify her lies;  
 No rising colours in her visage flash,  
 Pale as sick maidens overcharg'd with trash;  
 Her mouth with fictions flows in endless streams,  
 Unripen'd matter in her bosom dreams:



Her FULVIA worships; well confirm'd in vice,  
 Fam'd for ill-manners, folly, and caprice;  
 That viper FULVIA, whose censorious eyes  
 Distinguish'd where another's failure lies;  
 A lady's morals, beauty, wit, or airs,  
 The deeds she does, the character she bears,  
 A fav'rite lap-dog, or a last night's dream,  
 Are copious subjects for an ev'ning's theme:  
 Round the wide ball contagious whispers fly,  
 And reputations sicken, droop, and dye.

There are who hate mankind, and, harder still,  
 Are smit with love of *Monkeys* and *Quadrille*:  
 Without their pug no female clubs compound,  
 No dice-box rattles, and no cards go round:  
 Oh had that age, (for such an age appear'd,  
 When men as gods unreas'ning brutes rever'd)  
 Oh had that age but peopled heav'ns abodes,  
 With women-goddeses as monkey gods!  
 But must the lady's crimes engross my lay?  
 No; sing the *Cobler's dowdy* by the way:  
 The cobbler's dowdy wears politely plain,  
 And is perhaps no blockhead in the main;

Must pass her judgment on *Bobea* or *Green*,  
 And has, poor soul ! some symptoms of the spleen :  
 Vouchsafes to wear the breeches now and then,  
 Drinks, prates, scolds, rants, and lies a bed till ten :  
 Pays formal visits oft, and, what is worse,  
 Reads comedies, and puts her child to nurse :  
 Has frequent head-achs, and as frequent airs,  
 And still, to be in vogue, falls down to pray'rs ;  
 Invents a plea to wander in the dark,  
 Brings back beneath her petticoats a spark ;  
 Then rocks th'unthinking cuckold on her breast,  
 Sings lullaby——and crispin falls to rest.

I charge you, ladies of superior rank,  
 Let *masquerading* be your last mad prank ;  
 Hence reaping harvests which he has not sown,  
 Th'unconscious dad hugs babies not his own ;  
 The fire, with pleasure, by the nurse beguil'd,  
 Sees his own image in the growing child.

But stay, my youngster, cries a female Wit,  
 Man's greater faults your partial lines omit ;  
 'Tis true, thou wittiest of thy sex, the men  
 Are past describing by a youngster's pen ;

That

That theme perhaps 'tis prudence to defer,  
 Not but 'tis possible for kings to err:  
 But this is woman's, woman's fault alone,  
 T'impov'rish nations, and supplant a throne;  
 Ills upon ill from this fall'n angel spring,  
 Ungrateful, ignorant, vexatious thing;  
 The sixth-day's work of heav'n's creative pow'r,  
 Woman, curs'd woman, damn'd in half an hour:  
 Then she must tempt her husband to subscribe,  
 And gave the palpable poor man the bribe;  
 Th' uxorious man resolv'd to share her fall,  
 So made but a poor market of us all:

Still for the root's defect, the branch is curst,  
 And EVE the second, lives like EVE the first.

But ha! what angel signals me to pause?  
 Some angel studious of the female cause:  
 Sure 'tis R——A; suppliant let me fall,  
 And on my knees implore her grace for all:  
 These tart philippicks may perhaps be true,  
 But EVE, frail EVE, was more in fault than you:  
 O'ercome with love, I wish my thoughts unspoke,  
 And, a true squire, ask pardon for my joke.

Whene'er



Whene'er the muse shall see the sex grow fond  
 Of innocence, till vice itself despond ;  
 See virtue from reflection take it's rise,  
 And beauty condescending to be wise :  
 Where'er the chastity of nuns I find,  
 And ev'ry THAIS of LUCRETIA'S mind ;  
 Then shall the sex to whom these lines belong,  
 Look fair in simile, and wound in song :  
 Rather let those who hate the sex offend,  
 Be all my business, all my care to mend ;  
 Then sure you'll make no scruple to forgive,  
 Since, like all trades, a poet's trade must live.

F I N I S.

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